

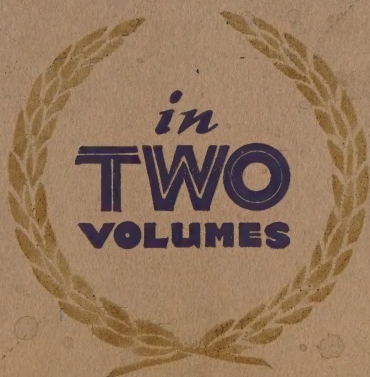
TWELVE NEGRO SPIRITUALS

by

William Grant Still

Illustrated by

Albert Barbelle



VOL. . . 1

CONTAINING

• SIX •

COMPLETE

SPIRITUALS

WORDS AND MUSIC.

• SIX •

STORIES

DEPICTING

NEGRO LIFE

At the time

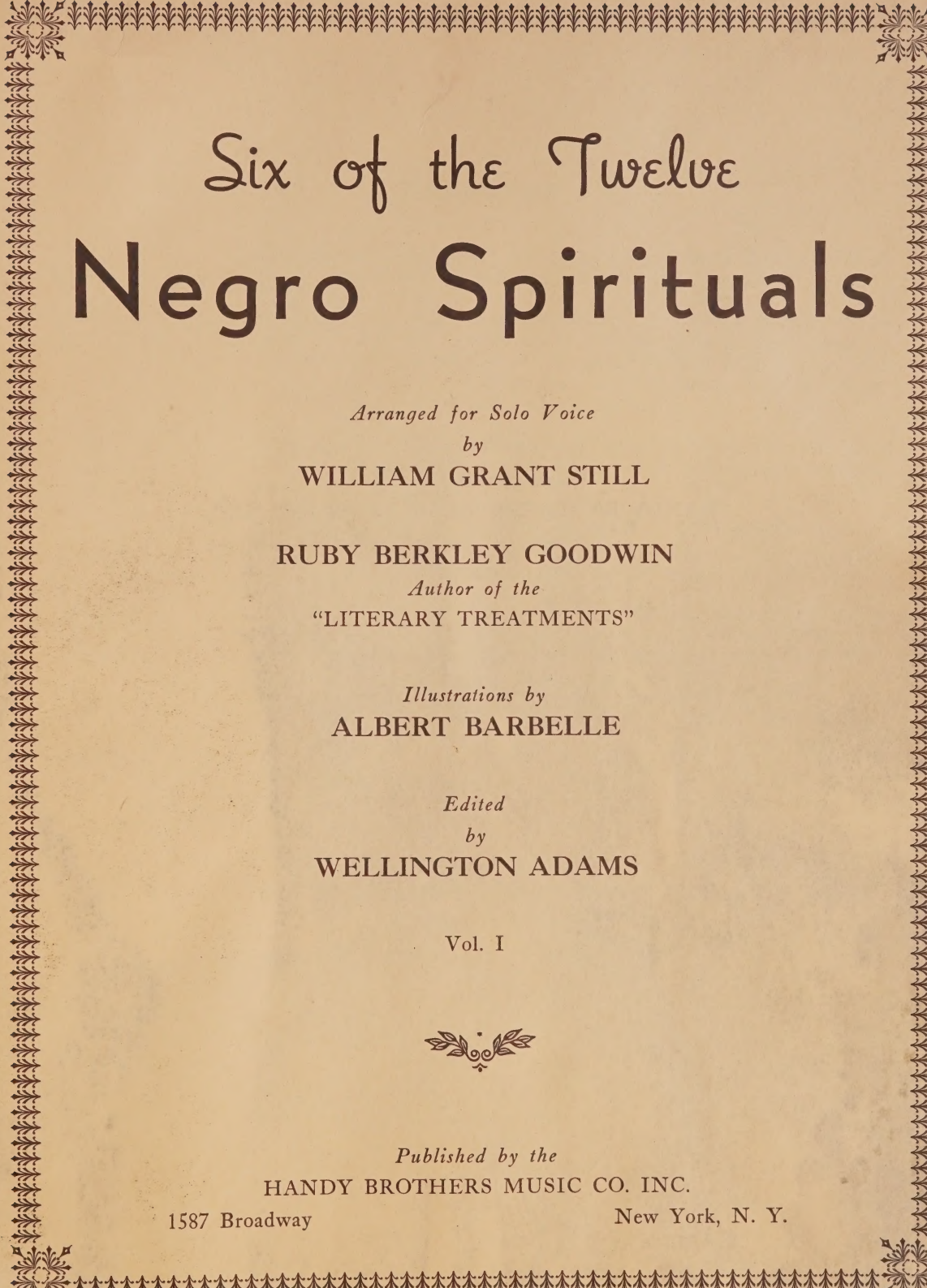
these Spirituals

were inspired

by

**RUBY
BERKLEY
GOODWIN**

HANDY BROTHERS MUSIC CO., INC.



Six of the Twelve Negro Spirituals

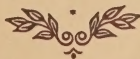
Arranged for Solo Voice
by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

RUBY BERKLEY GOODWIN
Author of the
"LITERARY TREATMENTS"

Illustrations by
ALBERT BARBELLE

Edited
by
WELLINGTON ADAMS

Vol. I



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INTRODUCTION

We offer this sparkling collection of twelve spirituals in two volumes in the fond hope that by so doing we will have a part in the preservation of these musical gems.

The deep religious fervor of the Negro spiritual makes it a folk-song peculiar to the striking musical talents of our race and as such it taps a source of deep religious feeling that must be preserved at all costs if the integrity of our racial heritage is to survive. The spiritual, as we have it here represented with twelve excellent samples, is of and by and for the Negro people. It comes from the heart and it goes to the heart.

In selecting and arranging the spirituals in these two volumes, we have striven to balance the contents of each so as to maintain equally in both the same high interest and surpassing musical quality.

Our firm belief is that we have gathered here twelve appealing spirituals representative of the best in musical art. To thus present them in two groups is to enhance their value to all and to enshrine in our hearts an undying reverence for the treasured songs of our forebears.

It is a cause for deep gratitude that one of our foremost musicians and a most promising literary producer have collaborated to present these two volumes of spirituals in a form that lends them dignity and in a manner that we, as the publishers, may feel proud to hand down to unborn generations.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE

Traditional Negro folk-songs have universal appeal. They are the deep prayers of loving souls and, like tears, often provide a soothing relief to aching hearts.

Though hundreds of books on spirituals have been published, no two are alike. Some are better than others. But opinion differs widely as to the best.

In these two volumes of representative spirituals, our goal obviously has not been quantity but quality. That, combined with distinctive new arrangements of our choice spirituals revealing fresh interpretations, is the cornerstone of the edifice you may deem we have created.

What credit you give us for this work reflects directly to the piquant freshness and the rich body of delightful surprises so ingeniously woven into these gems of new arrangements by the composer, William Grant Still.

These twelve spirituals, we feel, are truly charming. The piano parts run the gamut of variation and so interesting are the harmonies that without reservation we class these numbers with the best in distinctive Negro music. In each new arrangement is evident the finished skill of fine musicianship. The music always conforms perfectly with the spirit of the text.

In no way have the new arrangements presented here for these old spirituals violated the mood or color of the original creation. Rather, they have clothed them in modern dress, the better to be interpreted, the easier to be understood, the more intensely to be appreciated.

"Literary Treatments," by Ruby Berkley Goodwin of California, illustrates the immeasurable influence women exert on music by expressing their emotions with keen literary acumen.

It is in the intuitive conception of the ante-bellum Negro's traits and peculiarities that the writer has accomplished a notable success. She depicts him with uncanny accuracy in varying moods of gayety, sadness and emotional frenzy common at the time these spirituals were created.

The story on "Good News" (Vol. II) shows us still more clearly how observant has been the author in detailing intimate bits that etch sharply for us the perfect picture she paints. Here we have the restless throng, exciting incidents, the unquenchable humor of the natives. We hear the flying feet of racing horses, we see the boss and missus, into view bursts the stately old mansion, and then the spontaneous outburst of song, first low and soft but gradually reaching crescendo in volume, higher and higher in pitch. All this we see vividly portrayed as we live again those terrible bygone days. We forget these are merely horrid memories; the author has us in her spell and we ourselves are on her stage as she bids us here and there in the dead past. It is an intense feeling of humility, agitation, regret, tenderness and resignation.

All these literary sketches are dramas of deep emotional content in which the text echoes perfectly the new musical arrangements.

WELLINGTON ADAMS,
Musical Editor.



To my friend W. C. Handy
To remind him of my
gratitude for what he
has done for Negro Music.
William Grant Still

WILLIAM GRANT STILL
Composer

WILLIAM GRANT STILL, Afro-American Composer

By Verna Arvey

Born 1895, Woodville, Mississippi, William Grant Still's innate intellectuality is a tribute to that of his learned parents: to that of his father, William Still, who was an instructor in various colleges and who died three months after his birth; and to that of his mother, a brilliant woman who was also active as an instructress in secondary educational institutions.

Three months after his father's death, his mother took him with her to Little Rock, Ark., which became his home until he went away to college. His mother first taught him, then sent him to elementary school when he was six years of age. He entered high school at twelve. When he graduated, he immediately enrolled at Wilberforce University, where he was active in the musical life of the school. After leaving that institution, he lived for awhile in Columbus, Ohio, where he played the violin, the 'cello and the oboe in different orchestras. He studied later at Oberlin and, still later, at the New England Conservatory of Music with George W. Chadwick. All of the year 1918 was spent as an enlisted man in the U. S. Navy. Several years later, he accepted a scholarship in composition with the noted modernist, Edgar Varese.

W. C. Handy, Don Voorhees, Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman and Willard Robison are a few of those who have employed him as commercial orchestrator, and for the latter he spent two and a half years arranging and directing the Deep River Hour over the Columbia Network and WOR. In 1928 he received the second Harmon award, granted annually for the year's most significant contribution to American Negro culture. He is a member of the Pan American Association of Composers, and the recipient of a 1934 Guggenheim Fellowship which was renewed a year later.

Still's creative work in music is ranked among the finest of all American composers. His many early small compositions were later scrapped and incorporated into major works. "From the Land of Dreams," scored for three voices and chamber orchestra, was performed first in New York in 1925. It was in an ultra-modern vein that the composer later discarded in favor of a more racial and personal form of musical expression.

In 1926, "Levee Land," consisting of four songs, was performed by the inimitable Florence Mills. The symphonic poem "Darker America," written in 1924, is published by Birchard. It was intended to suggest the triumph of a people over their sorrows through fervent prayer. "From the Journal of a Wanderer," an orchestral suite of five parts, followed "Darker America"; and in 1926 he composed the ingratiating melodic suite entitled "From the Black Belt." Two orchestral works, "Log Cabin Ballads" and "Puritan Epic" occupied the periods of 1927 and 1928. "Winter's Approach," to words of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and "Breath of a Rose" set to a poem by Langston Hughes, are two songs of this period: the one rollicking, the other tender. Published by Schirmer, Inc.

"La Guiablesse" a Martinique legendary ballet written on a scenario by Ruth Page, and the African "Sahdji" for ballet, chorus and bass soloist (based on a play by Richard Bruce and Alain Locke) have both enjoyed a wide vogue. Both were presented repeatedly at the Eastman Theatre in Rochester, N. Y. and during a single season, "La Guiablesse" was presented thrice by the Chicago Opera Company.

"Africa," a symphonic poem in three movements (Land of Peace, Land of Romance and Land of Superstition) has been subjected to at least six revisions up to the year 1936. It was performed in New York, Germany, Paris and Italy. The "Afro-American Symphony" in four movements, though composed in 1930 and played in Rochester, San Francisco and Germany, received its greatest acclaim after its 1935 presentation by Hans Lange with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and by Stokowski's sponsoring of it on his tour across the United States with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in 1936. This Symphony is published by J. Fischer and Bro. and a two-piano arrangement of its third movement, the Scherzo, has been made. Paul Whiteman commissioned the symphonic "Ebon Chronicle" and "Deserted Plantation" from Still.

The period of Still's Guggenheim Fellowship was an unusually productive one as regards musical creation, for it was then that he composed "The Black Man Dances," a suite of four dances for piano and orchestra; "Kaintuck'," an exquisite tone poem for piano and orchestra; the powerful opera "Blue Steel," to a libretto by Carleton Moss and Bruce Forsythe; "Quit Dat Fool'nish" and "Three Visions"—all for piano solo; "Beyond Tomorrow" and "Dismal Swamp," symphonic poems; as well as arrangements of several Negro Spirituals.

At the time of writing, Still is engaged in the composition of a new Symphony in G Minor, and is making his home on the West Coast.



RUBY BERKLEY GOODWIN

Author of the
"LITERARY TREATMENTS".

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GWINTER SING ALL ALONG DE WAY

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

Oh, Ah'm a gwinter sing, gwinter sing,
Gwinter sing all along de way.
Oh, Ah'm a gwinter sing, gwinter sing,
Gwinter sing all along de way.

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Preparations for dinner were going forward in the kitchen of the mansion. Garnet, youngest daughter of the master sat well out of the way and watched as Aunt Zoe lifted a massive iron pot from the floor to the stove. Garnet was getting to be a young lady. In the fall she had turned sixteen. Ever since she had been able to toddle, she had followed Aunt Zoe about. Long ago she had learned to keep out of the way. Aunt Zoe was a busy woman, and though she loved Garnet more than any member of the master's family, she didn't take any foolishness off of her.

This morning, as on all other mornings, Aunt Zoe sang. Sometimes it was a song Garnet knew. That was usually when Aunt Zoe had nothing special on her mind. At other times, she would hum softly, to herself. Garnet could single out no song; the tune just ran on and on, soothing, sweet and melodious, like a quiet little creek that flowed happily along over smooth stones. It was then you could speak to Aunt Zoe, and unless you spoke loudly she wouldn't hear you. At those times Garnet felt completely shut out from Aunt Zoe's life. What was she thinking about? Most likely she was imagining herself in heaven, trying on a long white dress, and having her wings fitted on by Gabriel. Gabriel was God's handy man, like Zeke was to Mister Holmes.

But Aunt Zoe usually sang about those things. Maybe something was going on among the slaves that Mister Holmes didn't know about. Were they still mad because Juby had been whipped for sneaking off over to the Simpson plantation to see Emma? Garnet fell to musing herself. Emma was a pretty little dark brown thing, and Juby couldn't be blamed for liking her. She couldn't blame Juby for not liking Liza, even if Mister Holmes said that was who he had to marry. She'd hate to marry anybody she didn't love.

"Aunt Zoe," Garnet said softly.

No answer.

"Aunt Zoe," this time Garnet's voice was louder.

Aunt Zoe turned quickly as though she had been called back from another world.

"What you want, Honey Chile?" she smiled at Garnet tenderly. "Bless mah soul! Ah done clean fo'got you was settin' dah."

"I know it," Garnet laughed softly. "Your mind was off in another world. I wanted to talk to you about Juby. Don't you think papa would buy Emma for me?"

Aunt Zoe chuckled. "Ah specs he would chile, dat is ef you-all could cry long enough."

"If Emma belonged to me, then Juby could marry her, couldn't he?"

"Dat's de Gawd's truff, now ain't it." Aunt Zoe walked over and gathered Garnet into her arms. Garnet smiled contentedly while the old slave patted her affectionately upon the shoulder. "You is Zoe's Honey Chile fo' true."

For a while they were busy discussing Emma's purchase, and Juby's wedding.

"I'll make papa give her to me for my very own. Then she and Juby will never be separated again, never," Garnet ended with finality.

"Jesus," the one word was wrung from the depths of Aunt Zoe's soul.

Nothing more was said for quite some time. Garnet was busy making plans for Emma. She was confident that Mr. Holmes would buy the girl for her.

Aunt Zoe was humming again. The melody was low, and haunting, and sad, as though Aunt Zoe was going from one beloved scene to another, and at each place, the thing that she prized greatest in life was snatched from her, leaving her to stumble on blindly alone.

Garnet wanted to go over to Aunt Zoe and comfort her. Maybe Aunt Zoe's troubles were just as heavy as Juby's.

"Aunt Zoe," Garnet gently reproved her, "there you go again. Your mind was a thousand miles away."

"Ah specs hit was mo' dan dat. Ah 'clar' hit beats all how you-all keeps up wid mah mind. Now ef you'd a been bo'n black you'd a made a good conjure 'oman."

"Maybe I will be one anyway."

"Naw, Honey Chile, caise conjurin' is de debbil's own work, an' youse too good to fool wid such debbilment. It ain't in you, lak hit ain't in me. Gawd's chillun ain't got no place fo' de debbil's business."

"All right, I won't take up conjuring, but you must sing some of the songs I know. I like that one about 'Great Camp Meeting.'"

"Chile, Ah ain't got hit in mah heart to sing a joy song, caise Aunt Zoe's ole heart is purtty heavy dis mawnin'."

"Whenever mother feels sad, she cries. Aunt Zoe don't you ever cry?"

"Chile, dar's a world o' diffence in me an' Miss Ho'mes. When she get sad she ain't got a thing to do but to lean her purtty head on your pappy's shoulder, an' let de tears fall on a purtty 'fumed white hankychief. But me, dar ain't nobody's shoulder fo' me to cry on, an' besides who want tears fallin' in de stew pot. Nawsuh, chile, when de sorrow comes Ah jes' hum to mahse'f an' dat sorter takes de pain outa mah heart an' keeps de tears outa mah eyes."

"Maybe if you would tell me what makes you sad, I could help you. You know I love you a lot, Aunt Zoe."

"Sho, Ah knows you love me, but dis heah sorrow is something you cain't he'p. Nobody could, but Jesus, an' Ah reckon at dat time He didn't know nothin' 'bout hit or me nuther. So long time ago, Ah done took hit upon mahse'f to sing mah troubles away. Ah's had a mountain of 'em too, Honey, but Ah jes' says to mahse'f, Zoe you gwinter sing all along de way."

"Papa has been good to you hasn't he, Aunt Zoe?" Garnet asked anxiously.

"Sho he is. Mister Holmes is good to ever'body. Mah trials come befo' Ah knowd yore pappy was in dis world. You see," began old Aunt Zoe as the big pot boiled on the top of the wood stove:

"Ah ain't knowed sorrow all mah days. Ah kin 'member when Ah was lil' mite wid nuthin' to do but laff an' play in de sun all day long. Ah ain't live in no woods nuther; Ah live in de great city o' Kane. Dere was a great big, high wall all 'round to p'teck us from de other tribes, an' to keep de prowl-in' beasts out, and," here the old slave unconsciously raised her stooped shoulders and drooping head until she stood tall and regal amid the pots and pans in her master's kitchen, "here mah own pappy was de king o' dis great tribe.

"One day a white trader come to our village. We was used to him caise he always traded fo' de cocoa oil we had. Dis day he ain't come fo' de oil, he had new talk. He needed some big strong men, an' caise we was good traders he knowed our men would do right by him. Mah pappy took him into de tent, an' terrectly dey come out. Boff o' dem was a-grinnin' lak hit was all right. Pappy called all de young men to stand befo' him, an' ordered dem to go wid de trader. 'Twarn't much leave-takin' we done caise pappy tole us dey'd be home in 'bout two weeks. Ebben dat day Ah couldn't keep de sorrow outa mah heart caise Chada an' me was gwinter be married first new moon come round. An' dar he was march-in' off an' right by his side, Dirigaan, de brudder Ah love de most.

"Dat night mah mammy took pappy to count. 'How you know dat man say de truff? All de young men gone, ebben yore own son.'

"Dis man ain't full o'cheat lak a lot o' dese ole traders dat come round heah. Women-fo'ks ain't got much min' 'bout dem. We'se gwine be rich when dem boys come home. Gold an' salt dat's what dey's gwinter bring back.'

"Mammy jes' sorta grunted an' kep' her mouff.

"Time jes' sorta mouppe by but by-'n'-by de day come fo' de boys to be back home. Night come an' dey ain't come yit. De roast wild meat jes' kep' gittin' browner an' browner. De pot o' palm cabbage jes' simmer along, most done cooked to death. Chillun kep' tellin' dey mammys dat dey most starved. Mammy kep' lis'enin' fo' de sound o' swift young feets.

"Ah feel bad when Chada done lef' de furst day, but dat night—hit seem dat de heart an' stomick an' ebbberthing done feel right outa me an' Ah feel weak, an' lonesome, an' scared too. Night ain't bring no sleep, an' day don' nevah come.

"De next mawnin' a runner f'om de coast come to our village. He come to sound de 'larm bout a big ship dat was anchored, an' de men in de ship was scoutin' 'round an' chainin' up de natives to take dem away an' sell dem. Den we saw through de trader's plan, an' de whole village went to moanin' caise we knowed dat we ain't goin' to see de boys no more. De hunters stayed close to home an' de women an' chillun stayed inside de village, but all dat ain't done no good caise one night we woke up an' dar was a big band o' traders wid lights an' guns an' a lot a loud ta'k. Dis time dey didn't bargain. As fast as we come f'om our huts, dey lined us up—dat is, all but pappy. He started to march straight up to de traders, but dey up an' shoots him down—dead." Here the old slave's voice was just a whisper, and her eyes were misty with unshed tears.

"Fore day break we was on our way to de coast, me sorrowin' fo' mah pore ole pappy, an' hopin' Ah could find Chada an' Dirigaan when we get on de odder side.

"Chile ain't no need o'me a-botherin' you 'bout all dat done happen. Fo' days we tramp through de jungle. Some o' dem would fall out fo' dead, an' we had to go on an' leave 'em. Some o' dem died comin' ovah, an' dey throwed dem into de sea. Mah Lawd! Den we landed, an' dey drove us into a pen like thing. While we was dere we saw slaves f'om all part o' de ole lan'. Some f'om de Fullah tribe, some f'om de Haus country. Evah day dey would come an' git some o' dem outa de pen an' stand 'em up on a square an' sell 'em.

"Den one day Ah stood up dere an' de man holler something ovah me an' somebody out in de crowd holler something, an' dey took me down.

"Well, jes as Ah set feet on de ground, who should Ah spy up on a shiny buggy wid anodder man, boff o' dem all dressed to kill, but Chada. Ah specs de fo'ks thought Ah was crazy. Ah started runnin' an' callin', 'Chada! Chada!' 'Bout dat time he seed me an' jump down f'om de buggy. Den somebody grab me. Ah fit lak a tiger. Ah saw some men holdin' Chada. Lawd, but Chada was strong. All at once he slump ovah. Somebody done hit him ovah de head wid a big stick. Ah screamed lak a wild cat, but dey carried me on away.

"Course Ah ain't happy. Chada was gone an' Ah don't know what de fo'ks ta'k 'bout. By-'n'-by Ah ginta cotch a few words. One mawnin' Ah hear some o' de odder slaves say dat de master gwinter buy some new slaves.

"'He done had his eye on a young Fullah boy fo' 'bout two months now, but de price been too high. Ah hears now de odder mars have to sell, caise he broke, one of the old slaves said.

"Ah ain't sayin' nothin' but mah heart git glad all ovah. Sposin' it's Chada; den we could git married up anyhow. Ah caint ha'f work fo' watchin' de road. De next day dey brung in de new slaves. All us was on hand to see who come. Evah minute Ah looked fo' Chada ta jump down outa de big ole cotton wagon, but 'stead o' him out jumped Dirigaan. Fust he caint bleeve dat hits me he was seein', den he say, 'Zoe.'

"'Hit's me, Dirigaan,' Ah told him.

"'Whar Pappy?'

"'De traders shot him.'

"'Whar Mammy?'

"'She die on de tramp to de coast.'

"'Back to de fields,' de head boss order so we had to go back to work. Ah still miss Chada but Ah don' feel so lonesome knowin' dat Dirigaan was dere close. Ah don' see Dirigaan no mo' dat day, but early next mawnin' Ah spy him goin' on out to de field 'fore us. Ah hurry to cotch him.

"'Whar Chada?"

"'Zoe, dey done sold Chada on fudder down. Atter he seed you he ain't work lak he did afore. He always thinkin' bout you. He sulk 'round, so mars think he gwine run away—so he sold him yestiddy. Chada told me ef Ah find you ta tell you he ain't nevah gwine quit wantin' you.'

"Ah started to cry, but Dirigaan hush me up.

"'Don' cry, Zoe, dese white fo'ks don' lak you to do dat. Ef dey think youse mean dey'll sell you an' we won't be here togedder.'

"'Reckon dey'd sell me fudder down?"

"'Ah specs dey would.'

"'Den maybe Ah could find Chada agin.'

"'Naw! Naw! Zoe, Chada won't las' long down dar. Dey works an' beats you most to death down dar.'

"So Ah learn not to cry, but Ah could moan, an' dat was jes' bout ez good. Sometimes mah moan would jes' natchly run into a song, an' Ah could sorry all day an' de white fo'ks wouldn't know it.

"By-'n'-by ole Mars say he specs Ah bettah git married up wid some o' de men. Ah tell him Ah ain't want nobody. But Dirigaan tell me Ah bettah go head an' git married, caise effen Ah didn't ole Mars would make me anyhow, so Dirigaan tell me a good boy to git married up wid, an' we did. Tom was good Ah specs ez men go, but Ah ain't nevah want nobody but Chada. Ah was happy attar a fashion. 'Specially when mah baby come. Lawd, but Ah took cear o' dat lil mite. He was es fat es a butterball. De purtliest lil black thing, wid de shiniest round black eyes dat shined like a chinquapins. Ah called him Chada. Tom he don' mind caise Dirigaan done told him 'bout me an' Chada. Lawd we was happy den, me an' Tom an' Chada. Den one day de ole debbil sent de ole wevil 'long an' et up evah bit o' ole Mars' cotton. Mars was so heavy in debt 'till he had ta sell ebberthang. Dey sold Chada fust. Lawd chile, but mah heart done went rat outa me, an' till dis day it ain't come back. Anudder man bought Tom. Ah shore hated ta leave Tom too. He was good to me and Chada. Den yore pappy bought me an'..."

Here the old slave's voice broke, and she could go no farther.

"Aunt Zoe, poor Aunt Zoe," Garnet was crying too. "Poor Aunt Zoe, no wonder you are crying. It was enough to drive you crazy."

"Crying?" Aunt Zoe hurriedly brushed a tear away with the back of her hand and turned back to the stove. "Whose crying?"

"Aunt Zoe," Garnet began, as she hurried over to the old slave.

"Git outa hear. Ain't Ah got 'nuff to do widout you being 'round in de way? Go long wid you now, go long." She spoke almost harshly, but Garnet caught the emotional quiver in her voice.

Silently she passed out into the hall. There she stood and watched as the old slave's body shook with hard sobs. Ashamed of her tears the old cook threw her apron over her face. Quietly Garnet stole back into the room and put her arms around Aunt Zoe, gave her an affectionate hug, and scampered from the room calling back, "I'm going to make daddy buy Emma for me tomorrow, if I have to cry all day for her, Aunt Zoe."

"Bless yore heart," Zoe breathed as she dried her tears.

Preparations for dinner were going forward in the kitchen of the mansion. Aunt Zoe was humming softly to herself. At intervals she would murmur as though to give herself moral support, "Zoe chile, you got to sing all erlong de way."

Gwinter Sing All Along De Way

Arr. by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

Moderately (M.M. $\text{♩} = 100$)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' with a metronome marking of 100 beats per minute. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with various dynamics such as *mf* and *mp*. The lyrics are: 'Oh, I'm a gwin-ter sing all de way, Gwin-ter sing all a-long de way. Oh, I'm a gwin-ter sing all de way, Gwin-ter sing all a-long de way. Oh, I'm a gwin-ter we'll'. The score includes repeat signs and first/second endings.

mf
Oh, I'm a - gwin - ter sing all de
mp
way, — Gwin - ter sing all a - long de way. Oh, I'm a gwin - ter
sing — all de way, — Gwin - ter sing all a - long de way.
1 Oh, I'm a gwin - ter 2 we'll

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raise de Chris - tian's ban - ner, The
shout o'er all our sor - rows, An'

pen - tance an' sal - va - tion Am
Christ an' all his ar - my On

grav - en dere in gold. We'll sho' Oh, I'm a - gwin - ter
dat ce - les - in tail

1 2 *mp*

p

sing all de way, Gwin - ter

very evenly

sing all a - long de way. Oh, I'm a gwin - ter

sing all de way. Gwin - ter

retard

much slower

retard and increase

sing all a - long de way.

very softly

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT SHOES

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

Ah got shoes, you got shoes,
All o' God's Chillun got shoes.
When Ah git to Heab'n gonna put on mah shoes
An gonna walk all ovah God's Heab'n.
Heab'n, Heab'n, Everybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain't goin' dah
Heab'n, Heab'n, gonna walk all ovah God's Heab'n.

Ah got wings, you got wings,
All o' God's Chillun got wings.
When Ah gits to Heab'n gonna put on mah wings
An gonna fly all ovah God's Heab'n.
Heab'n, Heab'n, Everybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain't goin' dah
Heab'n, Heab'n, gonna fly all ovah God's Heab'n.

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The darkness of night was just giving way to dawn. Tiny columns of smoke were winding from the small cabin chimneys up into the hazy sky of bluish purple. In the east a faint streak of orange and rose colored the sky. A cock sent out his raucous call and faintly the answer came from a far away farm-yard. The chill of frost was in the air, the first frost of autumn coming as a forerunner to snow and ice.

"Git up, git up now, younguns. Ah 'clar' to goodness, you triflin' scamps won't be a lick o' count, me a-sp'ilin' you dis a-way. Git up!" Mary stood by the pallet and gently nudged with her feet the two boys who were sleeping there.

"Yassum, wese gwinter git up," Tom answered sleepily. "It mus' be 'fore day. Pears lak Ah jes' kin lay down."

"'Fore day! Co'se you know it 'fore day. Whereyou-all git de idee dat a nigger kin sleep twill de sun shinin' in de sky. Dat's de way old Mars an Missy sleep. If dis young issue of niggers cain't git de uncommones' notions."

The two boys crawled from between the covers. Tom was the older of the two. He was as black as coal, with kinky hair. He yawned and displayed two rows of flawless, pearly teeth. He had the eyes of a dreamer.

"You'se uncommonly good to us, mammy, now you sho is, but Ah 'clar' we wurk so hard yestiddy. Seems lak mah back would bus' fo' true."

"Boy, when Ah was you an' Joe's age, Ah didn't know Ah had a back."

"Mammy, Ah sho smells some good rations. What dat cookin'?" Joe sniffed the air and a broad smile lighted his features. "Wese got a good mammy, Tom. We sho got a good mammy."

"Go long, go long. Youse allers makin' sweet mouf. Sweet mouf ain't good fo' nothin' but to ketch flies," Mary answered brusquely, yet the boys knew that she was pleased.

Mary and her sons worked in the fields. Mary was a tall, buxom woman who could work as hard as most of the men. She could not remember when she had rested save for the few weeks allotted to her when Tom and Joe were born. Tom was sixteen now, and Joe was fourteen. Day in, day out, she toiled.

She had not always lived at this plantation. Five years ago she had been sold by a former master. Her husband had been bought by another owner. There had been some weeping, it was true, but Mary hugged to her heart the fact that she was still to keep the two boys with her. She knew that she was blessed, for at the sale she had seen whole families, each bought by a different master, to go separate ways, never to see each other again.

The two boys smeared their faces with water and wiped them on a coarse sack that did service for a towel. Mary placed a box for each of them at the table. They sat with bowed heads while she asked her humble blessing.

"Good Lawd, bless de victuals. Bless dese two boys an' dey pappy. Keep me an de chillun togedder. Bless all God's chillun. Amen."

As far back as Tom and Joe could remember this had been Mary's prayer and blessing.

"Bless all God's chillun. Bless all God's chillun." Tom had often wondered just who mammy meant by God's chillun. Evidently they were a special group or class. Most likely Missy and Massa were God's chillun. They had everything. Old Uncle Jordan used to tell them about God and His goodness. He had often said that the chillun of God were blessed. God had everything. Yet somehow mammy's prayer did not sound triumphant. She was entreating Him to do something for His chillun. Her voice was sad, concerned. Missy and Massa needed nothing. Missy wore silk dresses that rustled as she walked. The shoes on her feet were as soft as gloves. Her hats sat daintily upon one side of her head. Her handkerchiefs were faintly perfumed.

Bless all God's chillun! Why not ask mammy?

"Mammy," Tom asked a little hesitantly, "mammy, who is God's chillun?"

"Why, we is, boy. Wese God's chillun."

"But, mammy, Uncle Jordan said dat God's chillun is blessed. He said dat God had ebberthin'. Sholy if wese His chillun he'd gib us somethin'."

"Youse got somethin'. Ain't you got a good warm meal o' victuals? Youse got yore strent and good health. Youse got yer mammy. Dere's plenty pore chillun dat cain't 'member what dey mammy look lak."

"Ah knows, but we ain't got nothin' else. We jes' work, work, all de time. We don' neber hab nothin'. Cabin ain't got no flo' in it. We ain't got no clo'es, ain't eben got no shoes. Fros' is comin', snow an' ice. Chris'mus a long ways off. Feet git pow'ful cold dese mawnin's. Ground so hard."

"Tom, Ah bleeves dis heah is yer bad day. Youse c'mplainin' 'bout ebberthin'. S'pose you wants ta run God's bisness. Wese God's chillun an' he is a-takin' keer o' us too. You wouldn't go on so ef you knowed what de good Lawd got fo' us."

"Sho nuff, mammy?" An expectant smile lighted his gloomy features.

"Sho'er dan dat."

"He got any shoes?" Tom was eager to know.

"Sho He got shoes. He got plenty shoes."

"When we gwinter git 'em?"

"When we git t' Heab'n," Mary answered with finality.

"Hopes dey's a good fit," Joe said thoughtfully. "Las' time we got shoes dey give me a pair too big. Cose Ah had to war dem but dey rub an' rub twill a big blister come on mah heel. Sho did hurt."

"God know yore numba an' yore shoes gwinter fit when you git to Heab'n."

Such was the childlike faith of the slave folks. No dread or fear of death. Death was nothing. It was only the means to an end. Death opened the door to a visible kingdom where God had all good things prepared for his children. It was foolish to ask why God did not give them things now. They knew why. The old overseer would take them from the slaves. Sure that was the reason. But God was saving them for His children. God was smarter than any man any day. Great day! He had shoes and houses with real floors, all kinds of dresses and robes, harps, crowns and trumpets. Just wait till they all got to heaven. No mean old overseer there—

"Mammy," Tom asked anxiously, "reckon ole head boss gwine to Heab'n?"

Mammy was silent for a moment; then she said slowly,

"Everybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain't goin' dah."

Tom and Joe needed no further answer. They clapped their hands and cut a few steps about the cabin.

"Go 'long now. Mos' time to go to de field," Mary warned.

"Ah got shoes an' you got shoes. We all got shoes," Tom summarized.

"Yes, all God's chillun got shoes," Joe added.

The remnant of the meager meal had been carefully put away. Mary and her boys left the cabin and started for the field. Tom and Joe went joyfully, jesting with the other hands. Every once in a while

they would look at each other and smile. They all had shoes. The warmth in their hearts had taken the sting from the cold. They set their feet firmly upon the hard, cold ground. Nothing could hurt them. Nothing could touch them. They were happy. They were carefree. They were God's chillun. As they walked they sang. Why not? The sun was shining in the sky and the great sun of hope was shining in their hearts. They sang the song that was in their hearts. They needed no teacher. The others sensing the spirit of hope joined in and soon the whole plantation was ringing with melody.

"Ah got shoes, you got shoes,
All o' God's chillun got shoes.
When Ah git to Heab'n gonna put on mah shoes
An' gonna shout all ovah God's Heab'n."

"Hurry up there, you shiftless, low-lived nigger!" The commanding voice of the overseer came to Joe's ears. He had been dreaming, he had to admit. Never had such vistas been open to him. Somehow he had thought that if he did get to Heaven it would be in the same capacity he now occupied. He thought that there must be work to be done and of course it would fall to his lot. They knew better now for Mary had told them just this morning. Who wouldn't be happy and who wouldn't sing?

As the song went down the field Sis Carrie, "asingin' 'oman for true," as the people described her, took up the humble little song of joy and hope.

"Ah got a robe," she sang. Of course women were more interested in clothes, Joe reasoned. Still Siss Carrie sang:

"Ah got a crown, you got a crown,
All o' God's chillun got a crown.
When Ah git to Heab'n gonna put on mah crown
An' gonna shout all ovah God's Heab'n.
Ah got wings, you got wings . . ."

Wonder of wonders, Joe had never thought of that. Why, beside wings, shoes looked rather tame. With wings one could fly—like a bird—like an eagle. Like an angel! Away up!

Joe was soaring when the commanding voice of the overseer brought him back to reality, but it was with a freed soul thought. He hastened to join the other workers. There was no sting in the overseer's words. Heaven! Heaven! And the best part of all was

"Everybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain't goin' dah.
Heab'n, Heab'n, gonna shout all ovah God's Heab'n."

Why not fly! With wings one could fly. Still singing, Joe added:

"Gonna fly all ovah God's Heab'n.
Gonna fly all ovah God's Heab'n."

All God's Chillun Got Shoes

Arr. by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

Moderately fast (M.M. ♩ = 66)

mf

1. I got - ta shoes. You got - ta shoes.
2. I got a robe. You got a robe.
3. I got a harp. You got a harp.

mp

All God's chil-lun got shoes. — When I git to Heab-n' gwine to
All God's chil-lun got robes. — When I git to Heab-n' gwine to
All God's chil-lun got harps. — When I git to Heab-n' gwine to

put on my shoes An' walk all ov - ah God's Heab-n', —
put on my robe An' shout all ov - ah God's Heab-n', —
take up my harp An' play all ov - ah God's Heab-n', —

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Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___

Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___

Ev-'ry-bo-dy talk-in' 'bout Heab-n' ain't gwine dere.
Ev-'ry-bo-dy talk-in' 'bout Heab-n' ain't gwine dere.
Ev-'ry-bo-dy talk-in' 'bout Heab-n' ain't gwine dere.

Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___

Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___

Gwine to
Gwine to
Gwine to

ritard.

Slower

1. walk all ov-ah God's Heab-n', ___
walk all ov-ah God's Heab-n', ___
walk all ov-ah God's Heab-n', ___

2. Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___
Heab-n', ___

Slower

LISEN TO DE LAM'S

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

Lis'en to de lam's, all a-crying.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a-crying.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a-crying
I wanta go to heab'n when I die.

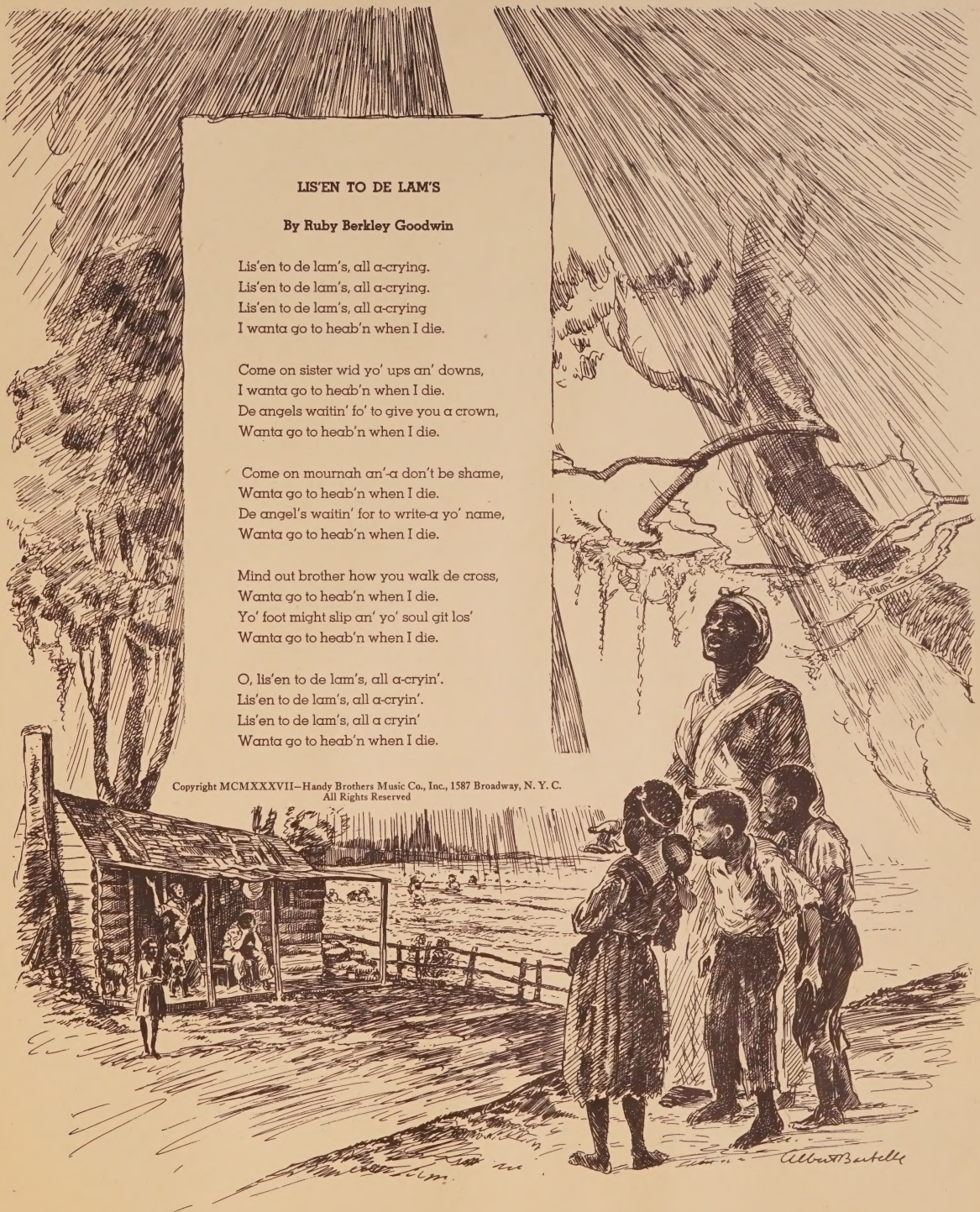
Come on sister wid yo' ups an' downs,
I wanta go to heab'n when I die.
De angels waitin' fo' to give you a crown,
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.

Come on mournah an'-a don't be shame,
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.
De angel's waitin' for to write-a yo' name,
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.

Mind out brother how you walk de cross,
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.
Yo' foot might slip an' yo' soul git los'
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.

O, lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a cryin'
Wanta go to heab'n when I die.

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The chill of the Autumn's morning had given way before the heat of the noonday's sun. The pickers were strung out over the wide, white field of cotton. Their fingers plucked nimbly at the brown, hard bolls, extracting the cotton with amazing alacrity. The slaves had learned long ago to pick just enough to satisfy the boss. Some of the swifter ones who could out-pick the rest either divided a share of their cotton with the slower ones when they could do so without being detected or else slowed down to a gait consistent with the group.

There was one in the group who fell behind the others. She was a slender, little woman with a look on her face both pathetic and wistful. With the greatest effort she dragged herself along. The pickers on either side shook their heads sadly and picked from her rows. Finally she dragged herself out to the end of the row and sank upon her sack.

A little brown-skinned girl with a coffee and cream complexion ran to her holding a tiny bundle in her arms.

"Here baby, mammy. Lil mite, sho holler. Spec he mos' starved," the little girl said sweetly.

"Wait a while, Emma. Mammy so tired, so tired," the voice sank into a whisper.

"But mammy, you nevah will ketch up. They be purtty fur now. Gimme de sack, mammy. Ah'll pick some fo' you."

"No, no, lam'. Play while you kin. Gimme baby."

She took the baby and held it close to her breast. After it had nursed to sleep, she gave it back to the little girl and rose up wearily to begin her task.

Two women looked back as Sally began her rows.

"Pore thing," one said. "She ain't well. Dat las' baby done plum' took all de life out'en her. Sho feel sorry fo' Sally."

"Ah feel dat Sally ain't heah fo' long. Lil baby jes' one mont' old. Dey ain't nothin' we kin do much. Jes' yestiddy Sam got a monstous beatin' cause he slipped some cotton to her an' old Nigger Joe saw him."

"Nigger Joe is sho hard. Meaner dan de po' whites."

The sun had disappeared. Night was coming on. The long line of pickers was filing into the out-building where the cotton was to be weighed.

Sally knew her sack was not up to weight. She stood back a little behind the rest.

"Drag that sack up here," the weigh boss shouted.

Timidly she came forward and put her sack upon the scales.

"You lazy wench," the boss stormed at her.

"Please sur, Ah'se been powerful po'ly today. In de mawnin' Ah'll do bettah. Jes' gimme a chance," Sally pleaded.

"You'll have a chance and you'll pick tomorrow or by God, I'll take it out on your black skin."

A feeling of respite seemed to settle over the group. Two fellows started up some crude jokes that were meant to be funny, but there was no response from the crowd. All of them knew that Sally could do no more on the morrow than she did today, maybe not as much, for the field boss was sure to watch her more closely to prevent anyone from helping her.

"Gonna git up to heab'n an' set down, set down, set down,
Gonna git up to heab'n an' set down, work all ovah now."

All over the field the wild primitive chant of the slaves could be heard. "Gonna git up to heab'n an' set down, set down, set down."

"Mag," Sally addressed a tall mulatto woman who was picking next to her, "ef it jes' warn't fo' mah chillun, Ah'd be glad to die."

"Now, Sally, you'se jes' dishearted. You gwine be all right."

"Maybe, Mag, but sometimes Ah don' know. Ah know ef Ah die Ah'll go to heab'n. Ah'se done de bes' Ah could. Maybe up dere Ah could set an' res' a spell. Ah be so tiahed."

"Cut that song out, you trifling lazy niggers. If you must sing, sing something with some life in it," the voice of the field boss boomed across the field.

For a while there was silence, then someone started up a lively chant:

"Bes' gal don' quit me, bes' gal don' quit me,
Bes' gal don' throw me down;
Gonna git me annudder jes' soon as Ah git in town.
Hey hey."

Again the long line of pickers filed into the weighing room. There was an undercurrent of expectancy in the air. Everybody knew that Sally would fall even lower than she did yesterday. It seemed that all day the field boss had watched her. There was not a chance to put any cotton in her sack. Beside the bulky sacks of the others, Sally's sack looked even lighter than it really was.

"Short again?"

"Please mars, Ah tried today. Ah jes' cain't pick no mo'. Ah ain't well. Ef mars would jes' let me res' a little while longer, Ah'd work good when Ah comes back."

"Rest! Why you had four weeks off, and look at that puny youngun of yours. More time! You must think you're white. When I've done with you, you'll pick."

No one dared say anything. Sally knew that their hearts were bleeding for her, and somehow the unspoken sympathy strengthened her. She would get no mercy. Oh God, how she had tried to work. Each day she sank lower and lower and try as she might she could not make her tired body respond.

The others left the room slowly. The last to go was her little Emma who stood by holding the tiny baby tightly in her arms.

"Run 'long, chile, run 'long to de cabin. Mammy be 'long soon," Sally said soothingly to the child. She longed to take her in her arms and kiss her but she did not move. The little girl, sensing something of the seriousness of her mother's fate, started for the door. As she reached the threshold she paused and glancing back over her shoulder, she smiled.

"Ah'll be settin' up fo' you, mammy."

"Zeke, Zeke," Mag roused her husband out of his sleep. "Ah cain't sleep caise Sally's baby been hollerin' for de longes' kinda time."

"Daylight come soon, Mag. You bettah git some sleep," Zeke told her.

"But Ah cain't. Lis'en."

The sobbing of the older child could be heard now.

Mag arose and threw a ragged old coat over her clothing. Just as she neared the door the baying of a hound came to her ears. She drew back. The hounds were loosed at night to prevent slaves from attempting to run away. No slave ventured out of his cabin at night for fear of those savage dogs.

"Oh God, lis'en to de lil lam's. Lis'en to de lam's. You promised to take cear o' de lam's. Murcy, murcy," she prayed.

She covered her ears with her hands to shut out the cries of the children. Still she heard them. Po' lil lam's. Sholy Sally got strength 'nuff to make them keep quiet. Would daylight never come! At daylight the hounds would be taken in and then she could slip into Sally's cabin and try to do something for the children. Sally needed attention. She looked up over a box behind the stove and took down a small jar of grease. This would help to heal the stripes, Mag reasoned.

As soon as it was light Mag hastened over to Sally's cabin. The cries of the baby had ceased, but the older girl was frantically calling, "Mammy, mammy. Mammy, cain't you talk? Is you mad at Emma?"

It took but a moment for Mag to learn the meaning of the cries that had aroused her out of her sleep. She knew without going near the terribly lacerated body that Sally's soul had found rest. She spread a soiled cover tenderly over the body and took Emma in her arms.

"Aunt Mag, why won't mammy talk to me?" was the child's first question.

"Mammy cain't hear you, chile; mammy gone."

"Gone!" The child asked incredulously, "Gone where?"

"Gone home, chile. Gone to git her crown. An' bless de Lawd, she done took de pore little baby along whare it kin be tuck cear of right an' be a angel wid wings," Mag answered, while tears ran down her cheeks. No thought of bitterness entered her mind. There was thankfulness that Sally had gone home. Gone to get her crown.

"But who gwine give her a crown, A'nt Mag?" Emma was curious.

"Why, de angels, chile. De angels. Dey's jes' waitin' an' soon as she sets foot on de glory shore dey will give her a crown. Come on now, let me take you ovah to de cabin."

She steered Emma around the still form in the middle of the floor and together they crossed the short space between the two cabins.

"Lottie," Mag called to the oldest of her girls, "git up an' fix Emma some warm vittles. Zeke, you come wid me."

Outside the cabin she stopped.

"Zeke, pore Sally's gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes. Pore thing couldn't git to de bed. She sunk right in de middle o' de flo'. Dem po' lil lam's cryin' all night!"

"Ah jes' cain't understan' dis God. He does his bisness powerful funny, pears lak."

"Now, Zeke, don' you go findin' fault wid de Lawd. He knows his bisness. 'Sides, Sally said herself she want to go. De Lawd done answer prayer. Come!"

They entered the house and Zeke raised the body of Sally from the floor and placed it upon the bed. He straightened the legs and folded the tired hands.

"Guess Ah'd bettah call Nigger Joe." Zeke went down to the cabin where the boss-nigger lived.

In a short time the news had spread from shanty to shanty that Sally was dead, and a crowd of sympathizers had gathered before the door, none daring to enter.

As Zeke and Joe approached the crowd drew back.

"Bettah git on to de field 'fore some of you cotch what Sally got las' night."

The crowd slowly dispersed.

There was no time to mourn for Sally. Work must be done.

The pickers were strung out over the wide, white field of cotton. Their fingers plucked nimbly at the hard brown bolls, extracting the cotton with amazing alacrity. From time to time Mag paused to dab at her eyes with her red bandana. The cries of Sally's children were still ringing in her ears. She did not realize that she was singing. Over and over in her mind the wailing of the children sounded.

"Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.
Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'
Ah wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."

One by one the pickers caught the plaintive song and soon the whole field was singing the heart-rending refrain over and over. They knew without being told that Mag was singing of Sally. Their hearts were full of sorrow. No one knew who would be next. They all had children. Their minds were taken off of themselves as Mag swung into the verse:

"Come on sister wid yo' ups an' downs,
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die.
De angel's waitin' fo' to give you a crown,
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."

Everyone was genuinely touched by Mag's singing, so old Amos, the plantation preacher, took this time to remind the unsaved of their state.

"Sho, Sally is a-restin' wid Jesus, but jes' s'pose she ain't had no 'ligion she'd be burnin' in fiah. Sho she would. You sinnahs bettah git right wid de Lawd."

And to Mag's humble song of sorrow old Amos added another verse:

"Come on mournah an'-a don' be 'shame,
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die.
Angels waitin' to write-a yore name,
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."

As Amos sang he saw Jim slyly brushing away a tear. Jim was one of Amos' converts. Jim had walked pretty straight until springtime came with its balmy nights. The strumming of banjos and the laughter of the young sinners had been too much for Jim, and he had backslid. Jim's heart had been touched by the tragic death of Sally. Old Amos was quick to sense this and as he edged nearer to Jim he sang softly:

"Mind out brother how you walk de cross,
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."
Yo' foot might slip-a an' yo' soul get-a los'.
Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."

At the end of the field a small group of tiny children was grouped about Emma. Their eyes were wide with wonder; their faces were solemn as they listened to Emma's description of the angel baby.

"Baby ain't puny now; got a little fat body, jes' as fat an' soft as a chinquipin. An' his little white robe purttier dan de Missus' baby had eben when dey took it to de cris'nen."

"Ah spec de baby is purttier too, Emma," one of the children said.

"Sho, he purttier! Ain't he got wings now! Missus' baby ain't got no wings."

"Lawd! Lawd!"

The children talked on to the low accompaniment of the workers. They were singing the chorus over and over. The song was sad, yet infinitely beautiful:

"Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.

Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin'.

Lis'en to de lam's, all a-cryin',

Ah wanta go to heab'n when Ah die."

Lis'en To De Lam's

Arr. by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

Slowly, but not in strict time (M.M. ♩ = 60)

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The second system includes dynamics of mezzo-forte (*mf*) and forte (*f*) with a *retard* marking. The piano accompaniment has a mezzo-piano (*mp*) section followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) *retard* section. The third system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo instruction of *A little slower*. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*pp*) section and ends with a *Fine* marking. The vocal line consists of a single melody with lyrics written below the notes.

mp
Lis'- en to de lam's, — All a - cry - in'. Lis'- en to de

mf *f retard*
lam's, — All a - cry - in'. Lis'- en to de lam's, — All a -

p A little slower *Fine*
cry - in'. — Ah wants to go to hea - ven when Ah die.

A little slower *pp* *Fine*

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original tempo
mf

Min' out, bro - ther how you walks on de cross;
Come on, sis - ter how wid yo' ups an' downs;

mp original tempo

Wants to go to hea - ven when Ah die; Yo' De

foot an - might slip an' yo' soul git los;
an - gels wait - in' fo' to give you a crown;

¹ ² *Dal Segno al Fine*

Wants to go to hea - ven when Ah die. Oh, die. Lis' - en to de

Dal Segno al Fine

KEEP ME F'OM SINKIN' DOWN

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

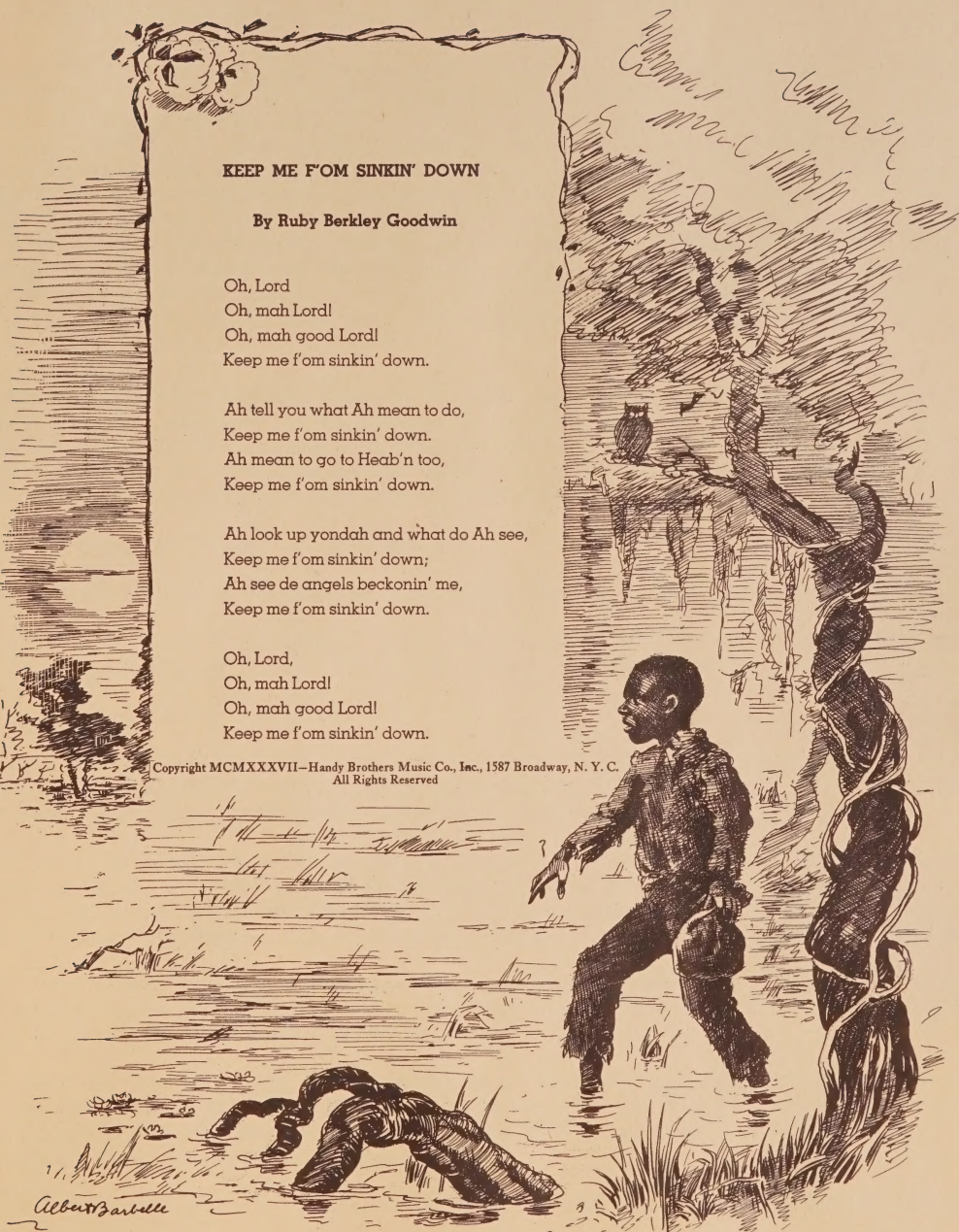
Oh, Lord
Oh, mah Lord!
Oh, mah good Lord!
Keep me f'om sinkin' down.

Ah tell you what Ah mean to do,
Keep me f'om sinkin' down.
Ah mean to go to Heab'n too,
Keep me f'om sinkin' down.

Ah look up yondah and what do Ah see,
Keep me f'om sinkin' down;
Ah see de angels beckonin' me,
Keep me f'om sinkin' down.

Oh, Lord,
Oh, mah Lord!
Oh, mah good Lord!
Keep me f'om sinkin' down.

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A solitary figure sped down the dark road. Mile after mile slipped by. No time to stop or rest. On, on, while the night was dark. On, on, ever northward. To the north freedom lay. In the north he would become a man. The idea of running away had been in Tom's mind for years. Many and many were the times he had planned on making a break for freedom but always, with the idea, the figure of old Jake would come before him. Jake, once a superb specimen of manhood, who was the strongest man in Lawson County. Jake had made a break for freedom too, and now he could only walk with the aid of a stout stick. There was no fight or flight in Jake now.

Tonight had seemed a very opportune time for Tom to go. Just the night before Big Ed had been counted among the missing. No one knew when he left the plantation, but all knew why he had left. Big Ed had been foreman over the field hands. There had always been enmity between him and Maj, for Maj coveted Big Ed's job. Oftimes the boss came out to the field with accusations that plainly showed that someone was telling things to make trouble for Ed. There were certain things that Big Ed would not do. He was no driver of his men or women, and when he saw one was really sick he never insisted that he or she work. One day Cassy, a beautiful bronzed young woman, had been saucy to her mistress. The mistress had ordered Ed to flog her. None of the slaves liked the Mistress, for she was intolerant and extremely cruel. Ed would have complied, but when he found that Cassy was with child he ordered her into the flogging house, and with the doors and windows securely fastened he whammed away on floors, sacks, in fact everything but Cassy, while Cassy jumped around and shrieked as though Ed were killing her.

Cassy would have done nothing in the world to give away the play. All the next morning she limped painfully around the fields, but as the afternoon wore on she forgot her feigned disability and laughed and worked unmindful of the eyes of Maj upon her. No one saw Maj slip away from the field, but soon he returned with the overseer. The overseer strode over to Cassy as she laughed and worked with the rest of the women. Without ceremony he stripped the waist from her body.

"So Maj was right," he sneered. "A pretty trick."

Cassy shrank back from the man and drew her top skirt up to shield her bare breasts.

"Not a stripe. Well, Maj," he turned to the grinning snitch who stood a bit to the side, "you keep a sharp lookout and keep me posted. I'll see that you get some consideration around here."

Angrily he walked over to Big Ed.

"You'll wish you'd killed Cassy when I get through with you. You'll get her beating and yours too. Besides, you'll work with the rest of the gang tomorrow and Maj will take your place. He's wide awake." The overseer gave Maj a playful buffet in the ribs and quitted the field.

The news was rapidly transferred over the field. All the workers were seized with consternation. What would they do without Big Ed to shield them? He had been Godfather to them all. All the slaves loved him. Maj on the other hand was a typical white fo'ks' nigger. All of them could visualize Big Ed tied securely to a whipping post the next morning. The sun went down upon many sorrowful hearts.

Their agony soon gave way to anxiety, for the next morning there was no Big Ed. Some time under the cover of darkness Big Ed had hit the trail for freedom. He was the kind of Negro who could not be servile. Polite he was always; courtesy was a habit, but he could not cringe.

A posse was formed quickly. The neighboring territory was searched first. They found no clue as to the fugitive, so the hounds were called out. An old coat that had been dragged from Ed's cabin served to give the scent. The ugly beasts sniffed the coat and then the ground. The slaves looked on while the dogs pulled at their chains and ran around in circles.

Round and round they went. Each moment the slaves expected to see the lead hound strike off in a certain direction.

A gruff order from the boss sent them scurrying to the field. From time to time the slaves glanced back furtively to see if the posse had gone. That is, all but Uncle Jess. He was the oldest slave on the plantation, and Uncle Jess had seen many things in his lifetime.

"Big Ed done fool de houn's," he chuckled to himself. "Yessuh, dat's one niggah dat done nachlly outsmarted de white fo'ks dat time."

After worrying with the hounds all morning, trying to get them to pick up the scent, reluctantly the overseer chained them up again and he and the posse struck out on Big Ed's trail.

All day long as Tom worked the idea of running away had played through his mind. By nightfall he had made a definite resolution. The dogs were tied securely, the posse was still away on the trail of Big Ed and he, Tom, would make a break for the swamps. That was the only course left open for him. He had heard all kinds of rumors about the swamps. There were tales of venomous snakes of monstrous size, bogs of quicksand, deep water, and above all the fear of the supernatural, the bugaboo of all ignorant people, ghosts.

Tom, like most of the slaves, had sought solace in religion. He had learned to trust God. Not that he had been able to demonstrate, but in trusting Him for the little things he had founded a faith that would stand the test of big issues. He believed that since God was good, God would take care of him and that if He couldn't keep all the ghosts away surely He would permit none but friendly ghosts to flit through the swamp. Perhaps He would send a vanguard of angels to shoo the spooks away. Tom did not know how God would protect him—he just knew He would.

A solitary figure sped down the dark road. Mile after mile slipped by. No time to stop or rest. On, on, while the night was dark. On, on, ever northward. To the north freedom lay. In the north he would become a man.

Day was just breaking when Tom reached the edge of the swamp. At the very edge he drew back uncertainly as the dangers of the swamp presented themselves anew to him. But only for a moment did he hesitate. To go any other way meant worse than death, for at any moment he might run across the same posse that was searching for Big Ed.

As Tom entered the swamp he was glad to learn that it wasn't half as bad as he had thought it. The sun had chased the shadows away and everything looked as pleasant as a swamp could look. All day long he waded through the mire and water. He tried to keep the general direction of north; yet he was not sure if he did so.

The sun was midway the heavens when Tom stopped to rest. From the pocket of his coat he extracted a piece of bacon and some cold corn cake. He climbed upon a log and ate this scanty meal. Tom had no idea how long he would be in the swamp. Sometimes a person wandered for days in a circle, only to meet death at the end of the quest. There was nothing to eat here, so the small quantity of food he had brought with him would have to serve him until he could get safely out of the swamp.

As the day wore on Tom's spirits began to lag. There was something crushing about the swamp. It was desolate, lonely. Even the small things that lived there were hushed and still. Nothing disturbed the solitude.

Twilight came. Long shadows cast themselves across Tom's pathway. The trees took on grotesque and fantastical shapes.

Night settled over the swamp. Dimness gave way to complete darkness. Through the darkness a thousand hands seemed to reach out for Tom. The swamp with all the stagnant water seemed to be slowly pressing the breath from him. In the darkness he collided with dead trees. The hoot of an owl startled him. In all the whole swamp he was the only human being. He was all alone. No, not alone! He was walking with God. He felt so near to his Maker that for a little Tom could reach out and touch Him.

"Ah's allers aimed to do de right thing, Lawd," Tom prayed as he stumbled on in the darkness. "You promised to he'p, didn't You, Massa?"

Tom longed for daylight, yet he knew that it would be long in coming. A step off in the swamp took him in water waist deep. Recovering from the surprise of the sudden depth, he found that he had sprained his right ankle. The full realization of his predicament burst upon him. Suppose the ankle became so bad he could not walk on it? How could he ever hope to get out of the swamp unless God came to his aid?

"Don' let dis ankle give out on me, Lawd," Tom pleaded.

Progress was slow. All sense of direction became lost. Tom had to admit that his case looked hopeless. But in spite of all this he still prayed. There was nothing else to do.

"Oh, Lord! Oh my Lord! Don' lemme drown. Hol' me up, Lawd."

As he limped on, unconscious of time, direction and sometimes even pain, he repeated the little prayer over and over until it became an affirmation.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep me f'om sinkin' down. Sho mean to make hit in by de straight gate, Lawd. Mean to go to heab'n too. Jes' keep me f'om sinkin' down."

As suddenly as Tom had found himself in water waist deep he now found that he was walking in water to his knees. Yet this afforded but little relief for the pain in his ankle was intense. He knew that he would not be able to walk on it much longer. Past that he did not dare think.

At last Tom had to admit defeat. Such a pity, too, for the day would soon be breaking. In a dazed way he realized the hopelessness of his undertaking; still he said over and over, "Keep me f'om sinkin' down, Lawd. Keep me f'om sinkin' down."

He stumbled and fell. The cold slimy water of the swamp soaked in through his light clothing. He tried to rise. He must get up. Why, he would drown! He was so weary! Yes, he must get up. With each attempt he sank back helplessly and hopelessly into the mire. He looked wildly around for help. There was none. But as he peered through the swamp growth and the dead trunks of trees he saw a bright spot of clearing.

Was it a clearing or were his eyes fooling him? After a day and a night in the dark swamp this little spot of clearing looked like heaven. Tom visioned angels flitting in the sunlight. Why it seemed that they were beckoning him to come. But he could not go to them.

Oh, yes, he could. Why the water was not very deep. He could crawl through the mire until he reached them.

At snail's pace he wormed his way through the last inches of Dismal Swamp. The sunshine was coming nearer, nearer. His hands were reaching out to touch the dry bank. At last he was free from the swamp. His wet body was being bathed in the warm bright sunshine.

In a spirit of thankfulness Tom knelt upon the dry hard earth.

"Thank yu, Lawd. You sho kep' me f'om sinkin' down. Yu sho is good. Didn't yu send de angels to bec'on me when ah had done gib up. Yessuh, Lawd, you'se a mighty man! Yu kep' me f'om sinkin' down."

Keep Me F'om Sinking Down

Arr. by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

Slowly (M.M. ♩ = 72)

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slowly' with a metronome marking of 72 beats per minute. The score includes various dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *sva* (sustained). The piano accompaniment features a 'pp increase gradually' instruction in the first two systems. The vocal line includes lyrics such as 'Oh, Lawd! Oh, mah Lawd! Oh, mah good Lawd!', 'Keep me f'om sink - in' down, Oh, Lawd! Oh, mah', and 'Lawd! Oh, mah good Lawd! Keep me f'om sink - in' down.' The score concludes with a 'Fine' marking and a 'diminish and retard' instruction.

p *mf* *mp*
Oh, Lawd! Oh, mah Lawd! Oh, mah good Lawd!

pp increase gradually *mp* *p* *sva*

p
Keep me f'om sink - in' down, Oh, Lawd! Oh, mah

pp increase gradually

mf *diminish and retard* *Fine*
Lawd! Oh, mah good Lawd! Keep me f'om sink - in' down.

mp *mf* *diminish and retard* *Fine* *sva*

A little faster

mf

Ah keeps look - in' up on high;

mp

Keep me f'om sink - in' down:

To mah home up in de sky;

Keep me f'om sink - in' down.

Da Capo al Fine

LAWD AH WANTS TO BE A CHRISTIAN

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian, in-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian, in-a mah heart.
In-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian, in-a mah heart.

Lawd Ah wants to be mo' loving, in-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' loving, in-a mah heart,
In-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' loving, in-a mah heart.

Lawd Ah wants to be mo' holy, in-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' holy, in-a mah heart.
In-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' holy, in-a mah heart.

Lawd Ah wants to be mo' humble, in-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' humble, in-a mah heart.
In-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be mo' humble, in-a mah heart.

Lawd Ah wants to be lak Jedus, in-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be lak Jedus, in-a mah heart.
In-a mah heart, in-a mah heart,
Lawd Ah wants to be lak Jedus, in-a mah heart.

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"Prayin' Ezra sho got a hard row o' stumps to hoe," Jake remarked to his wife, Susan, as they walked over to the meeting.

The slaves on the Patterson Plantation were blessed. They were allowed to meet twice a week to hold religious services. On many of the plantations this was strictly forbidden. All social life in the slaves quarters was discouraged. Only in the fields did they mingle with each other, and then the watchful eye of the overseer was forever upon them.

Geneva Patterson was a Christian in the broadest sense of the word. Her religion included all men, and to them she accorded the right to serve God as they wished. Her husband, John, never bothered with her whims. He was far more interested in his cards and his old friends than he was in the welfare of any darkey's soul. In fact he doubted seriously whether these primitive ape-men had souls or not. And if Geneva's argument held water on no other grounds, John had to admit that his plantation was run on a more efficient scale than those of his neighbors. All of his slaves were happy and contented. Not one of them had ever attempted to run away. It was true that sometimes there were small offenses such as a discreet lie or petty thieving, but on the whole the slaves of Patterson Plantation were moral.

"Prayin' Ezra" had been bought by Geneva's father upon his arrival from Africa. Ezra was just a child then, with the fierceness and arrogance of youth. He had fought from the time the slave traders landed until he was safe in irons aboard the foul smelling slaver. The weeks spent in crossing were enough to take the fight out of any heart, yet Ezra was not thoroughly subdued until he was taken up on deck one night during a storm.

The waves beat against and over the deck of the ship. As far as Ezra could see there was nothing but angry sea with waves as tall as the highest trees of the jungle, or so it seemed to him. He was brought back to the "hole" drenched to the skin and thoroughly cowed.

At the plantation Ezra soon got the hang of the work. Since he was young and strong he was considered an invaluable servant.

From the first Geneva had taken an interest in Ezra. He was such a strong boy, and she liked the way he carried his head. After she had won his confidence he told her that his father was king of one of the tribes in Africa.

"Then you should be a leader," she told him.

"What to lead?" A slight frown puckered his brow.

"Why, lead your people," she answered. A look of bewilderment overspread his face.

"How? We got no arrow, no bow, no spear-a, no shield."

"No, no! You misunderstand me. You mean to fight. I mean lead them to God."

"God? I see no God here. We left our God ovah dar."

"God is over here too," Geneva stoutly maintained.

"No, no! Me see no sacred croc'dile here to worsh'em up."

"There is no crocodile here, Ezra, but God is here," Geneva said softly.

After that Geneva taught Ezra whenever she could about God. A God Who was everywhere, yet could not be seen. A God Who did not ask women to sacrifice their little babies to feed him, but a God Who asked only to rule in the hearts of men, making them happy and kind. On the whole Ezra liked Geneva's God, but who could trust a God one could not see.

It took months of patient teaching on Geneva's part finally to convert Ezra to accept her God. One morning Ezra came up to the big house to deliver a message from the overseer. He entered the house on tiptoes, and Geneva questioned him about this.

"Why do you tiptoe around, Ezra?" she asked. "There is no one asleep." Ezra put his fingers to his lips.

"S-sh, Miss Geneva. Las' night Ah pray and think o' what you say 'bout de lil baby Jedus. He come in-a my heart. Ah wa'k easy so He no wake up."

"But how do you know He came into your heart, Ezra?"

"How Ah know! Ah feel Him. Ah feel Him raht now."

The look upon Ezra's face told of an inner light, and Geneva knew that Ezra had really found the Christ. From that day on Ezra's whole mind was bent upon leading his people to God. A stupendous task for one so lacking in knowledge!

To add to Ezra's religious training Geneva insisted that he drive them to church. From his seat atop the shiny family carriage Ezra could hear many of the songs and prayers and snatches of the sermons.

Although Ezra could appreciate the melody of the songs he could not understand many of the words. Their meanings were hidden in a language he had not completely mastered. Nor could he remember how they sounded when he reached home. The simpler songs he could catch, such as "Yes, Jesus loves me," but when the choir began singing of "matchless worth" he was at a loss to explain this queer song.

Ezra was very devout, but many of his converts were careless. Since there was no church, Ezra's tiny cabin served in that capacity. Ezra was thoughtful and silent as the singing was going on. Big Tom was leading the singing. His voice was loud, yet pleasing. The air was highly charged with a spiritual tenseness.

"Is you got good 'ligion?" Big Tom sang.

"Yas, yas," the people answered.

"Is you got good 'ligion?" the question was asked again.

"Yas, yas," came the answer.

"Is you got good 'ligion?"

"Yas, yas. Yas, Lawd, Ah been bo'n agin." This line was sung in unison.

Big Tom was getting into the swing of the song. His huge body was rocking from side to side. His large hands and feet pounded out the time. His head was thrown back. His eyes were closed.

Is you been to de wada? Yas, yas.

Is you been to de wada? Yas, yas.

Is you been to de wada? Yas, yas.

Yas, Lawd, Ah been bo'n agin.

Is yo' soul been on fiah? Yas, yas.

Is yo' soul been on fiah? Yas, yas.

The spirit was coming. All over the tiny room bodies were swaying. The singing was interspersed with shouts of "Hallelujah! Praise de Lawd! Mussy Jedus!"

Is yore soul been on fiah? Yas, yas.

Yas Lawd, Ah been bo'n agin.

Aunt Mag, the cook at the big house, was happy. She walked the floor, as tears ran down her black cheeks. She threw her hands wildly over her head.

Prayin' Ezra still sat unmoved. Somehow the actions of his people did not live up to their profession. Here they were saying that they had good religion, but Ezra knew better. They were singing about going to the water. That was the truth because Old Ezra had taken all of them and dipped them in the Black River Creek that ran through the plantation. Yes sir, he had dipped them himself. Covered them up head and ears under water, but what of that? They had gone down dry devils and had come up wet ones.

Prayin' Ezra rose from his chair behind a rough pulpit made out of a long goods box. His quietness put a damper on the soaring spirits of the people. Ezra usually sang a song as he arose to talk to his flock, but tonight he stood silently for a few minutes, then he began to talk.

"Ah 'spose you-all is a-sayin, 'Prayin' Ezra ain't singin' tonight.' No, Ezra ain't got a song in his soul. Dat's a nachel fact. You-all and yore weeked ways is fair took all de singin' outa me. Ah ain't been sayin' much, but Ah been listen' and what Ah ain't hyard. Lawd, Lawd! Ah ain't been sayin' much but what Ah ain't seed wid dese two eyes. Jedus, hab mussy.

"Ah done preached hell-fire an' damnation twill we could fair smell de smoke. Ah done preached golden streets an' slippers, an' milk an' honey twill some o' yo' went home fairly treadin' on air wid a stomik ache f'om eating too much o' de heabenly rations.

"Ah done took and ducked you in de Creek jes' lak old John de Baptis' done Jedus, but is dat done you any good? Ah ax yo', is dat done you any good?

"Yo'-all comes here an' yo' sings, an' yo' shouts, an' yo' moans, an' yo' tells yore 'terminations, but yo' ain't right, an' Prayin' Ezra is gwine ta tell yo' yore short-comin'.

"Efen fo'ks could make hit in f'om mouf-sayin' you-all would be settin' on de thone wid Jedus. Yo' sho would. But dat ain't wurth much as a tom-cat on a quail hunt. Ah keeps on tellin' yo' hit ain't what yo' say, an' hit ain't how black yore face is, nuther. Hit's de color o' de hart dat Jedus is a-lookin' at.

"Ligion ain't nuthin' efen yo' don' git it in de hart. Ain't no need o' yo' tellin' me yo' trottin' 'long 'hind Jedus an' den when old Massa say he want all cleen cotton, yo' go an' fill yore basket full o' bolls, long-side wid de cotton. Ain't no need o' yo' sayin' yo' luv yore brodder, den run to de overseer wid a whole pack o' lies. Yo' can put dis down fer de gospel truth, some o' y'all is trottin' so fer behind twill Ah spec yo' done cleen los' sight o' Jedus. Ah tells yo', yo' got to be jes' lak Jedus in yore hart. Old hart is tricky. Old hart is devilish. Old hart is evil. Old hart is prideful, jes' lak de debbil 'fore God throwed him outa Heaben. Old hart is black, as black as de pot o' old Zola, de conjure 'oman.

"Jedus is lam'y. Jedus is angely. Is yo' ever heerd tell o' Jedus passin' by Mathey, Luke, John, or eny o' his brodders an' makin' tend lak he ain't seed dem so he ain't got to pass off de time o' day? Is yo' ever heerd tell o' Jedus goin' to de conjure fo'ks to git a hand to gib 'em good luck? Nawsir, yo' hain't."

Ezra talked on without so much as an' aman! from the people. Everyone was quiet and thoughtful. Praying Ezra wasn't trying to preach up no shout this night. He was really cutting all kinds of ways with the sharp sword of the gospel.

"Jedus gittin' tiahed o' all dis here sinnin'. Bettah git yore hart right. Now Ah didn't have no song when Ah got up here, but de spirit done gimme one. Efen y'all aims to mend yore ways, yo' kin sang wid me, but efen y'all don't, don't yo' sang a lick, caise de Lawd don't wanta hear it an' Ah don't nuther.

Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian,

In-a mah hart, in-a mah hart.

Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian, in-a mah hart.

In-a mah hart -- "

Prayin' Ezra's voice trembled on the high notes. He wished Aunt Mag would take up the song, because Aunt Mag had a natural voice for those high notes. She could go high and she could hold onto a note until the note got tired. Aunt Mag never tired. But Aunt Mag wasn't singing. She was mad at Aunt Tish because the master had praised Aunt Tish's biscuits one morning when Aunt Tish was help-

ing Aunt Mag, and had failed to comment on the part of the breakfast Mag had prepared. Ezra kept on singing:

"In-a mah hart. Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian
In-a mah hart.
Lawd Ah wants to be more humble, in-a mah hart,
In-a mah hart . . ."

Ezra missed Big Tom's voice. Big Tom could always catch a song on the second verse anyway. Big Tom was not singing. He was thinking about the words he had with the overseer that morning. The overseer was right in their quarrel. Tom was unreasonable. As Miss Geneva allowed no cruelty to her slaves, the overseer could do nothing to Tom. Ezra went to Tom and told him he was wrong.

"You had oughta go tell Mister Jim so. He's a good man, Tom."

"Long as Ah'm six feet tall an' mah name is Big Tom Ah ain't gonna tell him nuthin'," Big Tom had replied with heat.

"Lawd Ah wants to be mo' holy, in-a mah hart
In-a mah hart."

Ezra missed Sister Dicy's alto too. Dicy wasn't singing. Dicy had been to old Zola, the conjure lady, to get a hand to take Sister Sally's husband from her. Ezra knew it 'cause Zola had told Nancy. Nancy had told Biggun, Biggun had told Didwa, Didwa had told Shinta and it had finally got around to Ezra.

"Lawd Ah wants to be mo' holy, in-a mah hart,
In-a mah hart . . ."

Aunt Mag had joined in the song and the high notes went soaring. Ezra took heart and sang with renewed energy.

"In-a mah hart, Lawd ah wants to be mo' holy,
In-a mah hart . . ."

One by one the people joined in until everybody was singing Ezra's humble song. As they sang the last verse Ezra motioned for them to stand. They stood up. A simple but effectual blessing was asked over them; Aunt Mag and Aunt Tish met and threw their arms about each other. Everybody was crying, and kissing, and shaking hands.

Ezra stood outside the door of his cabin. He had darkened the house. He watched the people going down the worn path in the moonlight. His song came back to him on the gentle winds that stirred the leaves of the chinaberry-tree that stood by his window. The singing was soft and harmonious. It was growing fainter and fainter.

"Lawd Ah wants to be a Christian—In-a mah hart."

Lawd, Ah Wants To Be A Christian

Arr. by
WILLIAM GRANT STILL

Slowly and expressive (M.M. ♩ = 52)

mp *retard*

Lawd, Ah wants to be a Chris-tian in-a ma heart, In-a ma

p *retard*

original tempo

heart. Lawd, Ah wants to be a Chris-tian in-a ma heart. —

original tempo *retard slightly*

mf *original tempo* *p*

— In-a ma heart, — In-a ma heart — Lawd, Ah

mp *original tempo* *l.h.* *3* *l.h.* *diminish* *pp*

retard *mf original tempo*

wants to be a Chris-tian in-a ma heart. — Lawd, Ah wants to be lak

retard *mp original tempo*

retard *original tempo*

Jes-us in-a ma heart, In-a ma heart. Lawd, Ah wants to be lak

8va *retard* *original tempo*

original tempo

Jes-us in-a ma heart. — In-a ma heart, — In-a ma

retard slightly original tempo

very softly *retard*

heart. — Lawd, Ah wants to be lak Jes-us in-a ma heart. —

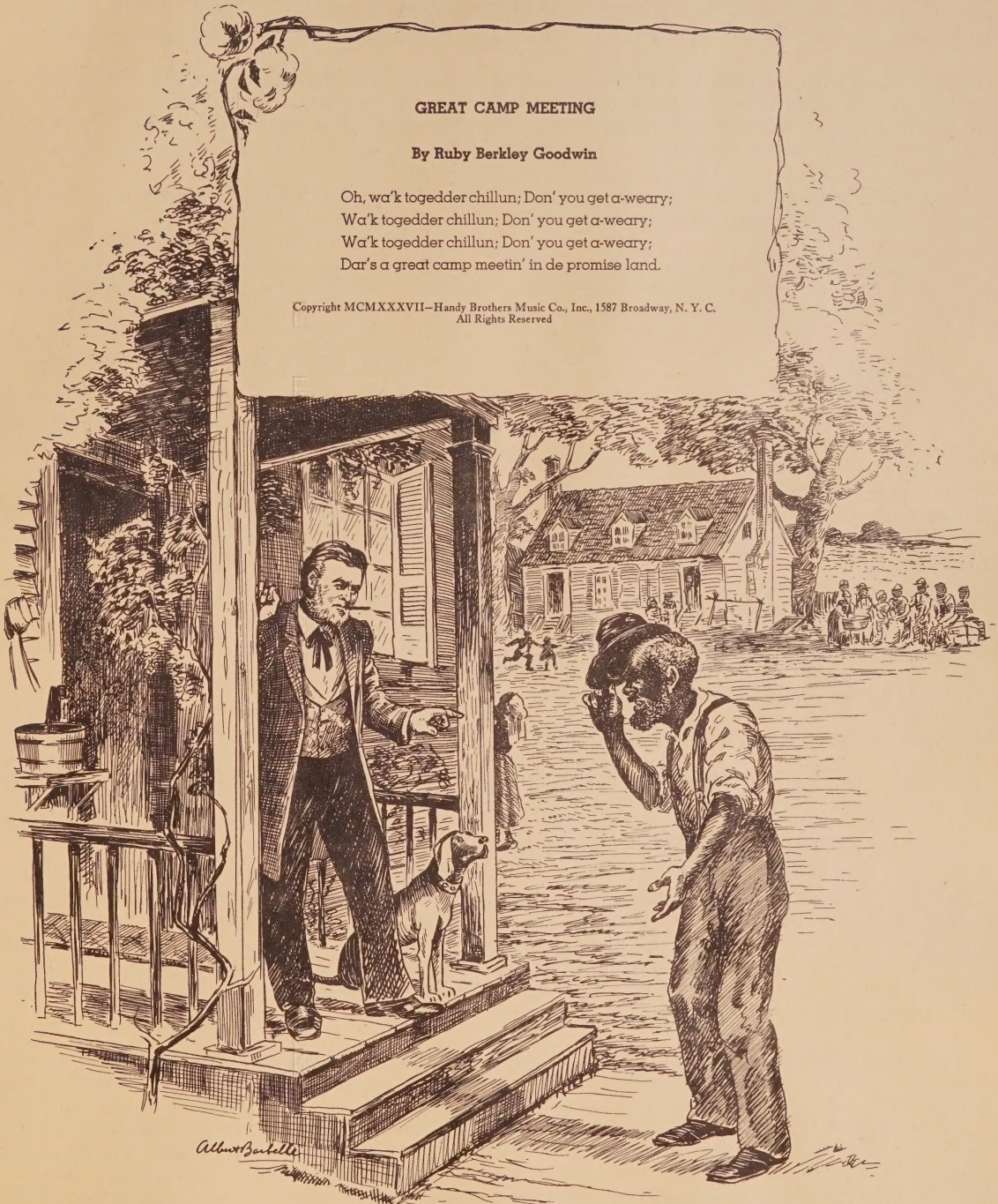
as soft as possible *retard*

GREAT CAMP MEETING

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin

Oh, wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Dar's a great camp meetin' in de promise land.

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There was mourning all over the Armstrong plantation. Miss Flo, the mistress of the 'big house,' was lying cold and silent in the parlor. What would they do without her? Miss Flo, who let them meet together, and laugh, and play, and dance after the day's work was done; Miss Flo, whose medicines were often more potent than the roots and herbs of the plantation mammals; Miss Flo, their confidant, their champion, their friend—was gone.

The morning before the funeral all the slaves were permitted to come into the parlor. One by one they filed by the white casket, and saw through their tears the sweet face of their mistress. Some of the old slaves wailed aloud, others moaned softly. No one worked in the field that day. The horses and mules stood idle in the pasture.

For days the plantation was wrapped in gloom. Young Mars John took interest in nothing. Finally one morning they were called into the yard in front of the big house.

"I am going away," Mars John told them simply. "I have tried to be good to all of you. I hate leaving you—but—I cannot stay since—since—" he paused. "I hope that your next master will be kind to you and that you will love and work for him as cheerfully as you did for me—and—for us."

"He cain't even bear ta ta'k 'bout her," Becca shook her head sorrowfully as she walked back to the field with Alma.

"He sho loved her, but, Becca, dat was one good 'oman. Dey ain't runnin' in bunches round here lak Miss Flo. Po' Miss Flo."

"But, Alma, ain't no need o' him leavin' heah. He runnin' f'om his sorrow but he cain't do dat. Whar ever he go he'll carry dat ole sorrowin' heart rat long wid him. He may jes' as well stay heah wid us who loved Miss Flo lak he did, caise wharever he go she ain't gonna be dar. He gwine miss her jes' de same."

"Lawd, Lawd!" Alma moaned. "But look heah, Becca," she added with bitterness, "Why did Miss Flo hada die. Look at ole onery Hopgood; he done lived ta be goin' on seventy, an' death ain't no whar near."

"Wonder who gonna buy us?" Becca asked.

"Maybe Mars John won't sell us, sho' nuff."

"Co'se he gwine sell us. Didn't you heah him say he hopes we gets a good mars? Good mars don't run in bunches, nuther."

"Naw, dey don't," Alma agreed.

The slaves grieved as much over the going away of their master as they did over the death of Miss Flo. It seemed that both were dead, and with dread they awaited the arrival of their new owner. It never occurred to them that they could get another good master, nor were they successful in doing so. Two weeks after the departure of Mars John, Henry Hopgood was master of the plantation. Hopgood acted as master and overseer, saying that he wanted to see how things were being run so that he might tighten up on things some.

His tightening up first took the form of longer hours in the field. Miss Flo had allowed the women to come to the field an hour after the men in the morning, and to quit working an hour earlier in the evenings. This gave the women time to prepare decent food for their families, and to tidy up their cabins. Miss Flo had always been proud of the slaves' quarters. The women were encouraged to keep their homes clean and neat. Geraniums grew by the doors of many of the cabins. Curtains made of the coarsest cloth were hung at the windows. The men were encouraged to make rough furniture for their cabins. They were encouraged to marry. They were taught constancy, more by example from their owners, than by words.

But Hopgood put a stop to this foolishness. If John Armstrong only got half the good out of the slaves, that was his business. Hopgood entertained no sentiment about the slaves. They were bought to

be worked, like any horse or mule. Who had ever tried to make life easy for a mule? His only concerns were food, and a place to lie down after a hard day in the field. A nigger was no better than a mule.

Hopgood watched the men as they went to the field.

"Where are the women?" he called to the men. Only he did not call them women. He called them a name that none of the slaves had ever heard on the Armstrong plantation, but the tone implied the meaning, and the slaves resented it. This was their master now. This man held their life and their death in his hands; so they were forced to answer him.

"Dey'll be 'long ina minit," one of the slaves answered.

"What are they doing?" he demanded.

"Jes' clarin' up things a bit. Won't be long 'fore dey'll be comin'."

"You're d—— right it wont be long. Not if I've got anything to say about it."

He started for the cabins, swearing and calling to the women. Some of them peeked out of windows, and when they saw the irate master, they grabbed their bonnets and hurried to the field after the men.

From that day on, the labor became a burden to the slaves. As one old slave described it, they worked "f'om cain't see ta cain't see." They left their cabins in the morning at daybreak; they returned at night long after sundown. There was time for nothing but work, meals hurriedly scrapped together, and dreamless, exhausted sleep. No laughter rang out in the quarters at night. There was no singing. Even in the fields the songs were all sorrow songs, and were usually moaned.

On Saturday night the slaves agreed to meet and hold a singing service. They met, but when the master spoke unfavorably of it to some of the older slaves, they held no more singing services on Saturday night. Every Sunday afternoon, Uncle Harrison would hold preaching service. Hopgood never openly interfered with this, but oftentimes he would come around to see what was being said and done.

The slaves were on the same basis as the animals—no trust was put in them, no pity was granted them, no consideration was shown them. They were slaves, brute beasts.

There was growing discontent among the slaves. However, they solaced themselves with the thought that cotton picking time would soon be over. Every year after cotton picking, the Armstrongs had allowed their slaves to have a week of rest. They were given five young shoats to roast over a pit in the yard. There was singing, preaching, dancing and merrymaking for a whole week. This week was eagerly looked forward to for the whole year, and after it had passed, it was talked about for months.

The first picking was over.

"Ain't no need fo' a second pickin', caise we won't git 'nuff ta make half a bale," Uncle Harrison said as he looked over the field.

"Den you reckon we kin start de camp meetin' next week, don't you spec?" Becca asked.

"Ah spec so. Reckon though we bettah tell old Mars Hopgood, caise we'll be bound to git de shoats f'om him."

"Who gwine tell him? Ah specs you is de one ta ax him, Uncle Harrison," Becca asked, and answered her question at the same time.

"Well, Ah ain't so tickled wid de job, but hit's got ta be done, an' Ah ain't one ta slack back. He cain't say nothin' but yeah, or naw, an' Ah won't be s'prised at nuther one."

Uncle Harrison ambled up to the big house. He did not go inside but waited patiently by the door until Hopgood came out.

"Mars Hopgood," Uncle Harrison addressed him.

"Well," the reply was disheartening.

"Well, Mars, you see hit's lak dis—"

"What do you want? Out with it!"

"Well, you see dey ain't 'nuff cotton fo' de second pickin', an—"

"Who says there ain't 'nuff cotton for a second picking?" Hopgood thundered. "There is enough for a second picking, and it's going to be picked, and it better be clean too. I better not find a boll on any row. You jes' tell the darkies that, will you. Now get outa my sight."

"But, Mars, we'se puffectly willin' ta pick de cotton again. What Ah come ta ax you 'bout was, kin we hab de camp meetin' after pickin' is ovah?"

"Camp meeting?" Old Hopgood was thunderstruck.

"See evah year atter de pickin' Miss Flo let us hab a week o' jollification. We jes' set 'round an' sang, an' pray, an' eat roasted shoat."

"Roasted shoat? Where did you niggers get shoats from? Stole 'em, I'll bet my watch."

"Nawsuh, we didn't. Dat we didn't," Uncle Harrison denied. "Miss Flo gib 'em ta us, she sho' did. Ebba year atter de pickin' she gib us five shoats—"

"Five! Well, she was a fool to ruin you no-account niggers like that. It's a wonder she didn't let you stay at the big house."

"Dat she did, Mars, dat she did when us was sick. She had a special room whar she tuck us. Miss Flo was sho' one good 'oman," Uncle Harrison defended.

"If you think I bought this plantation to treat you niggers like you was white, you're crazy. I bought you to work, and you may as well get all that foolishment out of your black heads. Camp meetin'—bah! There'll be a camp meeting if you don't get back out to the field, but it will be at the whipping post."

The slaves did not need to ask the master's answer. They knew it when they saw Uncle Harrison coming slowly towards them with head hung down.

"Ain't we gonna hab de camp meetin'?" Alma asked.

Uncle Harrison shook his head.

"An' dat ain't all. We got ta go ovah all de cotton fo' a second pickin'," Uncle Harrison informed them.

"De ole hell houn'!" Jasper, one of the younger slaves, was indignant. "Work us lak dogs."

"Effna Ah was cook at de big house now, we'd hab us a new Mars, caise ebben a hog'll die ef 'nuff chipped up glass is put in his belly."

"Shame on you all chillun. Murder ain't got no place in de hearts o' God's chillun. Becca, ain't you spose ta be a sojer o' de cross?" Uncle Harrison admonished.

"Co'se Ah is, but Ah ain't hab no idee dis heah cross would be hitched onta me."

"You cain't tell what kinda cross de Lawd gonna put on you, but you promise him you ain't gonna kick. Come on, chillun, let's git to de field, an' finish up dis heah cotton."

"Ah'se a good mine ta bust de ole debbil in de head with a crow-bah an' strike out fo' de swamp, Ah swear ta God Ah is," Big John said bitterly.

"Come on, now, chillun. Us cain't do nothin'. Sposing we did kill Mars. Effen dey didn't kill us dey'd sell us down de ribber, an' you know well as me what we git den." Uncle Harrison tried to reason with the slaves.

Reluctantly, the darkies followed Uncle Harrison back to the field. There was no singing. There was mumbling and cursing.

Uncle Harrison was discouraged too, but he comforted himself with the thought that he would not be here long. He would soon be in heaven, where they would feast and sing joy songs for ever and ever. If only the younger slaves would believe this, but they wouldn't. They were young, and they wanted to laugh and sing now. If only he could say something to them to make them feel better, but they wouldn't listen to anything he said to them. They were down in the spirit. A song—that was what was needed on the plantation—a new song—a song of hope, a song of faith, a song to make them forget old Mars Hop-good.

Uncle Harrison did not know of any song that would suit their need. All the morning, he thought over a song. By noontime he had decided what he was going to sing about. He would sing about a camp meeting.

As the slaves squatted at the end of the rows to eat a few morsels of food, Uncle Harrison started his song.

"Oh, wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you get a-weary;
Dar's a great camp meetin' in de promise land."

Uncle Harrison sang his camp meeting song over and over. He saw the rebellious slaves listening to the words of the song. The tune was lively, the melody infectious.

"Wa'k togedder chillun; Don' you git a-weary."

The slaves were so tired. The Promised Land—how they wished they were already there.

Some of the slaves were humming the melody. Becca was playing with the tune. She had worked out another arrangement that was even prettier than Uncle Harrison's, or so she thought.

Several of the slaves were now singing with Uncle Harrison. When the chorus was ended, Becca began singing her part:

"Gonna moan an' neva tiah,
Moan an' neva tiah,
Moan an' neva tiah,
Dar's a great camp meetin' in de promise land."

When the slaves started back to work, every slave knew the camp meeting song. As they walked up and down the long rows, they sang their song:

"Oh, shout togedder, chillun, don' you git a-weary;
Shout togedder chillun, don' you get a-weary;
Shout togedder chillun, don' you get a-weary;
Dar's a great camp meetin' in de promise land."

By nightfall the slaves had been sung back into good humor. They would miss their camp meeting, it was true, but the time was coming when they would have an everlasting camp meeting. Five roasted shoats? Why there would be a million roasted shoats at de great camp meeting in de Promise Land.

Camp Meetin'

Moderately fast (M.M. ♩ = about 100)

Arr. by WILLIAM GRANT STILL

mf Oh, walk to-gether chil-lun,--

mp

Don' you get-- wea-ry. Walk to-gether chil-lun,--

Don' you get wea-ry. Walk to-gether,

chil-lun,-- Don' you get-- wea-ry. There's a

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great camp meet - in' in de Pro - mised Lan'. *Fine*

Goin' to shout an' nev - er ti - ah,

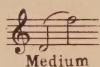
Shout an' nev - er tiah. Shout an' nev - er

ti - ah, There's a great camp meet-in' in de Pro-mised Lan! Oh, *D.S.al Fine*

William C. Handy's musical setting of this well known poem
by the late Walter Malone. For solo and mixed voices.

Opportunity

Poem by
WALTER MALONE



Music by
W. C. HANDY
By Permission

VOICE *Grave* *Moderato*
They do me wrong who
Wail not for pre- cious

Piano *pp* *mf* *ff* *p*

say I come no more When once I knock and
chanc-es passed a way Weep not for Gold-en

fail to find you in For ev-ry day I stand out-side your
A- ges on the wane Each night I burn the re-cords of the

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"I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life; and,
if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death."

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. George Longan Gordon and E. Padula

"How Do I Love Thee"

Sonnet XLIII

Words by

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Andante moderato

Music by

BLEVINS DAVIS

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, followed by a single treble staff for the voice. The key signature has four flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand, marked 'mf'. The voice enters with the lyrics 'How do I' on a note. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with triplets in the right hand and the voice sings 'love thee? Let me count the ways. I'. The third system shows the piano accompaniment with triplets and the voice sings 'love thee to the depth and breadth and height My Soul can reach, when'. The score ends with a 'mp poco' marking.

How do I
love thee? Let me count the ways. I
love thee to the depth and breadth and height My Soul can reach, when

mf *p* *mp poco*

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A Descriptive Negro characteristic in four distinct moods.
Seven pages - with soliloquy.

Dedicated to Hall Johnson

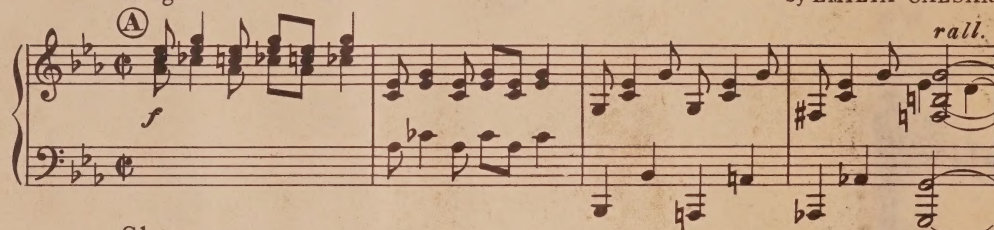
Tradition

Words and Music by
ISMAY ANDREWS

Arranged by
HALL JOHNSON
Dance interpreted
by EMILIA CAESAR

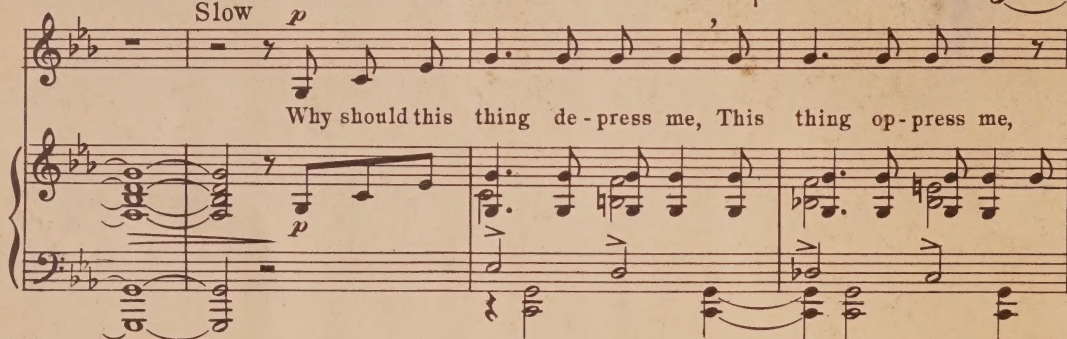
INTROD.
Bright

Allegretto

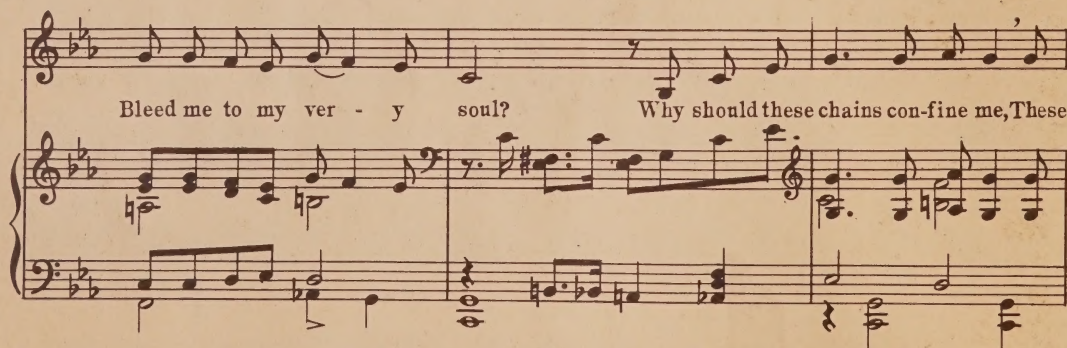


Slow

p



Why should this thing de-press me, This thing op-press me,



Bleed me to my ver-y soul? Why should these chains con-fine me, These

